Upping the ante

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Upping the ante

by Nalyra

Summary

Missing Scene from S2x02 Tome Wan.

Bedelia uses her past relationship and Will to get herself out of dodge.
For a while at least.

Notes

There was a discussion about Bedelia, and how she evolved / behaved / was written - and it got me thinking.

Why DID Bedelia visit Will in prison?
And how come she was allowed to? :P

Well, here is my (little) take on that, and at least to me, this makes perfect sense :P
And well, this is a rare pair according to A03 tags :P

See the end of the work for more notes

It is probably not the wisest decision she has ever made, but then, one deals the cards on hand. She steps through the gate, head high, the heels clicking hard on the stone floor. She has composed her face carefully, hiding the slight excitement she can feel deep inside her, after successfully bidding goodbye to Hannibal and equally successfully obfuscating the situation with Jack Crawford.

One more step to up the ante, as it were, secure her well-being, at least for now.

They have put him down here alone, in the dark, rank, old part of the institution, a shame really, she would have desired to see his reactions in a better lighting. Still, it is quite a courtesy already, that Frederick did indeed allow her at all, and one she will be sure to follow up later. Her thoughts flit away from that thought, inconsequential as it is right now, to be considered then.

There is a line on the floor, meant for visitors in this god forlorn place and she places the very tips of her shoes on it, composing herself, her chin raising slightly, face so cunningly faking remorseful sincerity.

He raises slowly from the little bench that doesn't quite deserve the name bed, clearly intrigued, and she reminds herself that he is the most successful profiler of the FBI after all, hidden beneath a thick layer of scruffiness. A cunning disguise, indeed, wild curls and scruff, deliberately unthreatening motions, though not entirely conscious of it. Not yet. She stops the smirk that wants to tug at her mouth, taking him in. It is no wonder that Hannibal, so deliberately choosing beauty everywhere he can, chose him, his mind so obviously matching his body, seemingly sprung from a Botticelli painting. She waits for him to address her, his voice genial and interested, and yet betraying exactly nothing, face obscured by the steel bars.

„I don't know you…"

She tilts her head a fraction, politely introducing herself. One must always be extra polite these days.

„My name is Bedelia du Maurier."

He starts though he hides it well, nodding to himself, clearly and truly interested now.

„Hannibal Lecters psychiatrist… What's that like?"

His tone is dry and almost vicious on the last words and a part of her echoes the feeling there. She sighs quietly, trying to get a reaction.

„I've heard so much about you, I feel I almost know you."

His response is instant, condescending.

„You don't."

A statement and one she wants to smile at, again, but she refrains, instead confirming it.

„No, I don't."

She waits a moment, regarding his almost hidden rage, rightful as it maybe, and yet corroding from within, yearning for something he does not yet understand. And still doubting himself.
She has to destroy the doubt if she wishes to redirect Hannibals icy fury, at least for now.
She lets the truth shine through on her next words, carefully phrasing.

„I understand you better than I thought. I… wanted to meet you before I… withdraw."

He tilts his head, his stormy eyes almost piercing.

„What are you withdrawing from?"

She resists the urge to click her tongue.

„Social ties."

An almost snort, right before a sassy question, fired to destroy.

„Well, you're a psychiatrist, isn't our sense of self a consequence of social ties?"

And how would Hannibal be proud, she muses.

„They certainly are in your case."

She pauses for a moment, trying out the phrasing in her head.

„It may be small comfort, but I am convinced Hannibal has done what he honestly believes is best for you."

He is darkly amused and pissed off, the emotion rolling off him in waves, snark entering his voice.

„Oh, that isn't small comfort, that would be -no- comfort."

The smile at the corners of her lips make a reappearance, probably lost to the low lighting.
What will happen now, after their little conversation, will decide wether she will be off the proverbial meat hook, Hannibal hopefully more than occupied by his pretty obsession and the consequences of his actions towards him.
She takes a breath, her voice quietly imploring and he listens with silent concentration, subconsciously almost lapping every information up she is willing to give, about -him-.
Hannibal really was obsessively intrigued and has consequently put his hooks very deep, offering understanding and knowledge and… a flaring of jealousy rushes through her, the emotion almost alien and she pushes on, ignoring it, lest she loose her sway.

„The traumatized are unpredictable, because we know we can survive."

She pauses for an instant, sees his face harden. Oh, he knows he is traumatized and yet he resents it, deeply. She continues, feeding the rage in him.

„You can survive this happening to you.“

He catches on right away, breathless in gratification and confirmed suspicion.

„Happening -to- me?“

She regards him for a moment and then decides to take the next step, literally and proverbially, stepping up to him, pushing herself up to the bars. The wardens call to her over the intercom, the buzzer sounds and hectic steps pull up to her. His eyes are locked to hers, stormy blue, intense and furious, delighted and scared, excited and brilliant. She breathes the words to him, too low for the cameras and microphones, knowing it will set him off, eventually.

„I… believe you.“

He gasps and it’s the last thing she can hear, the wardens escorting her out of the secured part of the building, hands on her elbows. Well, she did ignore their orders.

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She falls into step when they reach the office track and Barney waits for her, nodding to the wardens. They drop her elbow and she nods her thanks at Barney, passing him on her way to Fredericks office.

She doesn’t wait for him to call her in, knowing he heard everything anyway, having bugged all the rooms in this institution. He is behind his desk, overly pretentious as always, nothing of the tasteful over-splendor Hannibal employs to divert attention away from himself but a rather tasteless display of coping mechanisms. Yet, he is useful at times.

He is chewing on his pencil, smug, double breasted blazer too wide for his form. She seats herself on the edge of the desk, taking the pencil from him, stroking it once, slowly, suggestively. It is so easy to manipulate him, so easy to get what she wishes from him. Her voice is melodic, making sure her face is inviting, playing on old memories, of times long gone, when she needed to build her own social circle. Frederick had been very accommodating then.

„I thank you, Frederick. It has been… most delightful, to see the murderer that Hannibal refused to see.“

She almost smiles a true smile on the words, delighting in Fredericks guilelessness.
She raises her right leg, slowly, pushing her foot over and on his chest, slowly pushing him back with her heel, just soft pressure, seeing his pulse speed up. He smirks, lewdly and she delights in his weakness for a moment, tilting her head, waiting for his say.

„Well, he has been exposed now. It really is astonishing that someone like Hannibal Lecter was fooled by those big baby-blues. Not me, of course, I always thought there was something fishy about his… condition.“

Of course. This time, Bedelia lets the smile show, knowing it can be taken any way he wishes. She slowly puts some pressure on the heel, seeing him gasp, before removing the pressure again, faking a sigh.

„It has been… a tiresome journey, this business with Will Graham, more than slightly inflecting me. I will remove myself from the circumstances to recuperate for a while."

Frederick huffs a breath, chuckling, shifting to adjust himself a bit. Always so keen to be dominated.

„Oh? Running from whiny Hannibal Lecter, crying over the fact that he lost his favorite pet to me?"

Stupid guileless man. She wonders what will be left of him, when all is said and done. She lowers her gaze, countenance carefully in place, foot dropping slowly lower, enticing and yet keeping him at a comfortable distance.

„You know very well, that I cannot discuss my patients with you, Frederick."

He snorts, his hands coming up to caress her foot. She lets him, remembering he was very good at massaging her feet, once upon a time.

„Patient. And I know. And I don't need you to say anything, I can see him yearningly scratch the doors for me to let him see Will Graham every day. Well, proverbially. It makes you wonder…"

She levels him with an amused look, waiting, any of her comments superfluous already, Frederick digging himself in quite nicely. His hand travels up her leg, stroking softly, grinning, daring. His fingers catch on the garter holders.

„I never took him for the type, to be honest. And he's close to Alana Bloom, can you imagine. What a joke. Blue eyed brunette, if I didn't know better I would think our boy was trying to pretend."

Bedelia smirks, regarding him amused yet cooly.
Pretending, indeed, though not in the way Frederick believes, his interests and intellect falling too short to grasp the big picture. Though she wonders if he is actually onto something with the proverbial pining. Bedelia dismisses the thought as inconsequential, irrelevant in the current situation.
She covertly checks the clock on the mantlepiece, slowly bending forward, her finger coming up to lightly hold Fredericks jaw, her foot carefully pressing into his crotch, feeling it fill out immediately. She decides to impart some wisdom, for old times sake.

„I am… regretful, that I cannot stay, Frederick. You would… do well to stay out of their star-crossed path, so to speak."

He releases a small moan, eyes dilating, licking his lips before answering, his eyes riveted to her mouth.

„Ah, I am afraid I cannot. He's the prize patient. I'm already working on some book deals about Mr. Graham. Have an idea for a title?"

She regards him for a moment, and then drops her hand, oh so casually, pinching his left nipple, hard. Her voice is melodic, soft, posed as a question, hiding the double meaning.

„Fatal arrogance."

He gasps, twitching beneath her heel. He's panting, and then he chuckles, his face openly transporting his delight.

„Oh, I love it. Will Graham is really quite arrogant. Perfect match for Dr. Lecter, there."

She smirks, knowing he'll see it as acquiescence. Stupid, little plaything.
Caught in the most dangerous net of lies and half-truths, unaware of the players. She reaches into his breast pocket, retrieves the keys and papers for the Mercedes he always keeps there. He swallows, his hand twitching and she raises her left eyebrow, regarding him cooly. His hand settles on her leg again, failing at faking the genial tone.

„I still have the red convertible. You go ahead and take it. It would be my pleasure."

She smiles, inclining her head.

„I thank you, Frederick."

She leans forward, her lips next to his right ear, knowing her cleavage will be right before his face.

„You may relieve yourself when I leave. I give you permission to relive the evening in the study. The one with the whip."

He twitches again, and she pushes her foot forward for a moment before leaning back again and sliding off the desk in one slow motion, his hands dropping from her leg to his crotch. The smirk is etched on her face when she turns and gathers her things. She takes a look around the office, knowing she won't return here.

She walks to the door slowly, not looking back, her hand squeezing around the car keys, the sound of his zipper being pulled down hastily following her out. In the end, all men that are drawn to her, really are the same.

Well, she amends quietly, almost all men.

If it only were that easy with -him-.

She loads her suitcases into the high class Mercedes, and it takes her away, out of harms way.

For now.

End Notes

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